The Lighter Side

Holiday Songs for the Biologist

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Have Yourself a Sterile Little Lab Space (To the tune of “Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas”)

Have yourself a sterile little lab space,
Spray your bench with bleach,
Put on gloves and change them if you fear a breach.

Have yourself a sterile little lab space,
Burn your Bunsen bright,
Work nearby and flame your loop till it’s alight.

Don’t mouth pipette, as in olden days,
Keep your mouth away, you clown.
Turn your tube, flame its top sideways
Its cap propped always, face down.

Through the year we’ll share this room together
With some microbes too.
If we’re careless we will raise a tiny zoo!
So have yourself a sterile little lab space, do.

I Have a Little Enzyme (To the tune of “I Have a Little Dreidel”)

I have a little enzyme,
I love to analyze.
Cause when I add a substrate,
It begins to catalyze.

Oh, enzyme, enzyme, enzyme,
It lowers the $E_A$.
It speeds up the reaction,
Freeing heat along the way.

It has an active site that
Gives my substrate a hug.
Then rips it all to pieces,
Just like a tiny thug.

Oh, enzyme, enzyme, enzyme
You are folded just right.
So since you aren’t denatured,
I’ll play with you tonight.

Deck the Halls with Salmonella
(To the tune of “Deck the Halls”)

Deck the halls with Salmonella,
Fa la la la la la la la la.
Hang them up by their flagella!
Fa la la la la la la la la.

Don we now our safety glasses,
Fa la la la la la la la la.
Or we’ll miss all of our classes.*
Fa la la la la la la la la.

(Note: There is an alternative final line! It involves one of the symptoms of Salmonella infection, diarrhea, and ends with a word that rhymes with “glasses.” The line is left as an exercise for the reader.)